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have a pride in hating personalities, and leaving the commentary on such character to others, I can only exclaim with Brasidas, when a rat seized him by the hand, that the most contemptible creatures acquire a portion of respect from their danger—"Although I have not the power to shake off the viper which came out of the heat, and to remain free from harm," I am able, thank God, so far to overcome an instinctive moral antipathy, as to acquiesce in the philosophical opinion, that such creatures, however odious to sense, are in the order of nature, and that there is a use in all things most venomous, though we are not able to find it out. But though I can view this being, swollen into dangerous significance, as a philosopher contemplates some reptile magnified in the field of his microscope, yet I cannot help lamenting, that it should ever be necessary in any government, to foster a set of informers, and to place them as Locusta was in the days of Tiberius, "inter instrumenta regni." I should have thought, that an argument very commonly adduced by modern as well as ancient Italian policy, would never have found an advocate in this land. "Egli è un huomo honesto, ma *La Ragonia di Stato* rai-chiede cho sia punito."

My Lords, I have spoken with the assurance of innocence, and, I hope, without audacity. My defence rests on the *purity of Motive*, and that purity may be deduced from the character of my conduct, and the consistency of my life. That little life has been rounded by a single benevolent principle, the object of which was to serve my country as far as I could serve her, in promoting a reform in Parliament; and as a means for this object, to elevate the public to a knowledge of their rights, and their du-

ties, and to perpetuate an institution which contributed to this high information. That the constitution was imperfect, as all the works of man are, it cannot be seditious to suppose, but that it can reform *itself*, or contains in *itself* a principle of rejuvenescence, I do not believe; or that those will ever contribute to its rectification, who are most interested in its abuses. The wish of every lover of peace and his country, is not to rend, but to renovate; not to ruin, but to restore; not to anarchize, but to cement and consolidate, and that wish must look for its completion, not to this or that individual, not to a propertied community, not to a pusillanimous gentry, not to an interested opposition, not to a venal city, not to the rashness of a mob, but to the CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPOSITION OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE.

If I am to suffer, I hope to do it with patient equanimity, not the less sensibly feeling the horror of imprisonment, and the prospect of professional and most probably personal ruin.

June, 1794.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

MAN is a being formed for society, and is incapable of happiness in any other state. When separated from his fellows, he is like a plant torn up by the root, which soon droops and decays. Society it is that can alone raise him to the dignity of a useful and happy being, for though occasional solitude may be favourable to the production of some virtues, continual seclusion from our fellow-creatures, is inimical to the exercise of almost all.

Independence of mind is indeed necessary, but it is an independence

that rather needs the fostering influence of society, than is adverse to it. No one who had not experienced them, could form an idea of the salutary effects of pure and virtuous friendship. It is a tree, whose fruit is real happiness, and they who have never tasted of it, are unable to understand to what degree this life may be pregnant with delight.

A warm and disinterested friendship is perhaps the genuine source of all our perfections: no one whose heart is too cold for such an attachment, can have made much progress in virtue. We must have some kind ear to listen to our tale of joy or sorrow, some well known eye to beam on us the glance of approbation, some friendly tongue to give us the word of encouragement, or we should languish in the path of life, and drop into the grave, without having performed one useful action, or conceived one generous thought. But he, who has a friend to watch his progress, and applaud his endeavours, is capable of every thing that is great or praiseworthy. Man requires applause to urge him on in the path of excellence, and what applause is likely to be so powerful, as that of a sincere friend, who knows our character, and is acquainted with all our motives.

It is much to be lamented, that we so seldom meet with instances of strong and lasting friendship. Acquaintances are formed every day; they may be attended with a portion of esteem, or even possess a slight tinge of friendship; but where shall we see the spectacle of a pure, disinterested, and permanent attachment?

Damon and Pythias, it is said, were ready to die for one another; and their story has been handed down with an *eclat* that would not have accompanied it, had such a

friendship been less uncommon. We frequently find those who would die to save themselves from poverty or infamy; now and then we hear of those who would meet death with firmness, to save the life of a lover or a mistress; but where is the man that would die for his friend? Sublime friendship, that would be thy glory!

Despairing of seeing this noble fortitude and disinterestedness of mind in the men of the present day, if we examine the more ordinary kinds of friendship, we shall find that disappointment is their constant attendant. It is the usual tendency of social intercourse to divest the mind of those impressions of respect, which are alone the true and firm basis of friendship, and to induce, in their place, an improper and dangerous familiarity. In the early stages of friendship, overjoyed with having found a mind to our liking, we expect every pleasure from uniting ourselves to it; we exert ourselves to please, and we succeed. We gain the good opinion of the person whom we would make our friend; and had we prudence, this might become the basis of a sweet and lasting union. But human frailty cannot long hold out; we grow tired of those continued exertions; we neglect those civilities and endearing attentions we were at first so eager to show; we seek to preserve the enjoyment, without the pains that attended the attainment; And can our failure be a subject of wonder?

Friendship may be destroyed by causes still more fatal to its existence. We may have reposed our heart on an altar, decorated indeed with the symbols of friendship, but in reality devoted to other deities. We may be long deceived, and unwilling to discover our mistake, until it force itself at last on our ob-

servation. Painful are the sensations which attend such a discovery ; unwilling to trust the seas again, we exclaim,

.....Miseri quibus
Intentata nites : me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida ;
Suspendissè potènti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

Such are the disappointments to which human nature is subjected, in the search of what was designed one of greatest its consolations. But we ought not therefore to be too much discouraged, or consider it impossible to form a sincere and lasting friendship. It is true, that friendship is a plant of the most delicate nature. In order to flourish, it requires the most assiduous culture. And this is as it ought to be. Nature does not impart her commonest benefits without some exertion, and shall we look for the richest boon of Heaven without the trouble of deserving it.

This subject may be concluded with the following extract from a favourite author.

L'attachement pent se passer de retour, jamais l'Amitié. Elle est un échange, un contrat comme les autres, mais elle est le plus sain de tous. Le mot d'*Ami* n' a point d' autre corrélatif que lui-même. Tout homme qui n'est pas l'ami de son ami est très-sûrement un fourbe car ce n'est qu'en rendant on feignant de rendre l'amitié, qu'on peut l'obtenir.

C. E.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

QUERE ?

I WAS walking early this morning in my garden, and on looking at a Strawberry bed, was struck with the beautiful appearance of the serrated leaves, every one of

which had on each of their *acute angles* a globule of water, while no other part of the leaf showed any moisture. and the whole leaf was thus surrounded, at regular distances, with the sparkling gems of the morning. One use then of this jagged shape of the leaves may be, to keep suspended the moisture for a longer time than would otherwise have happened ; but I wish to know, whether there be any natural cause of the globules of water being thus attracted and retained by the angular parts, or points of the leaves ?

A.

A NATURAL WEATHERGLASS.

When Robin sits on topmost spray,
He tells, it will be fair to-day ;
When lower down, he sits and sings,
He fears the rain will wet his wings.

A.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

FOR several years past, the British and French governments have been mutually charging each other with violations of the Law of Nations. Hence, on the one hand, have arisen the Berlin and Milan decrees, and on the other, our Orders in Council ; each of them professing to be adopted in consequence of the violations committed by the other power. It is certainly no easy task to ascertain what the law of nations is. But in a late official publication from the French government on this subject, they appeal to the treaty of Utrecht. The contracting powers to that treaty were composed of the greatest part of the maritime powers of Europe ; and in this point of view, it may be well considered by them as an expression of maritime law, that was considered at that time as a fit and proper rule to govern their future intercourse on the